THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PHILANTHROPIST: NO. XXII.

"To err is human, to forgive divine"

It will be readily perceived by all who read the eſſays of the *Philanthropiſt*, that the writer of the following letter has miſtaken his character; if this were his only miſtake, he would be excuſable, but he has fallen into a much greater error; from which it will be more difficult to extricate him. There will, however, be Philanthropy in the attempt, ſhould it prove unſucceſsful. A MYSOGYNIST, is therefore earneſtly requeſted, to cultivate an acquaintance with FLIRTILLA. If ſhe ſhould not be able to revolutionize his notions, he may be given over as,

"Lost, to the noble sallies of the Soul."

—

To the Philanthropiſt;

SIR,

I beg leave to apologize for the neglect with which I formerly treated your lucubrations. It proceeded from a wrong eſtimate of your character; which your laſt number has completely rectified. Common ſage, and a dependance on Dictionaries for fixing the meaning of words, had led me to believe that Philanthropy ſignified "love for all the human race," and conſequently, that the Philanthropiſt was a lover of women as well as men. But I am pleaſed to find myſelf miſtaken, renounce my error, and welcome you with applauſe among the honourable claſs of Miſogyniſts. What triumphs may we not expect from the exertion of your talents, and induſtry! Ridicule, like yours, who will be able to withſtand? Had you employed ſolid, ſerious arguments, from this time to the year's end, in order to prove that woman is only worthy of contempt, it could not ſo effectually have anſwered the purpoſe, as your laſt delectable piece. In that, you have expoſed her naked to our view, without any of thoſe circumlocutory quibblings, in which ſome pretended Miſogyniſts have covered their juſt diſlike.

It is pleaſing to obſerve, that the preſent taſte is ſo much in our favour. The young men of our city are to be ſeen generally collected in groupes, leaving the laſſes to parade by themſelves. This is quite correct, and ſhews them poſſeſt of a large ſhare of underſtanding. But when I ſee a youth, who in his evening aſſociation has become accidentally entangled in a company of females, ſlyly take leave of the room as the hour of ſeparation draws nigh, to avoid the diſgrace of eſcorting them home, him I conſider in a fair way to arrive at the higheſt honours Miſogyny has to beſtow. But the ſight of a young man, waſting his time in gallanting the laſſes, picking up their fans, and playing with their kerchiefs, is ſo inconſiſtent with the nobler purpoſes of his creation, that I am reminded by it of the prohibited mingling together of *linien* and *woollen* in the Iſraelitiſh garments.

Conſidering how agreeable to reaſon, and advantageous to the intereſts of ſcience, would be a diſregard of the *ſofter ſex*, as woman have been emphatically ſtyled, I am not a little ſurprized, that ſome men of acknowledged abilities, and remarkable for correctneſs of judgment, ſhould be decidedly in favour of mingling in female ſociety. Againſt theſe I employ all my powers of colloquial argument; be it your taſk to combat them with the pen—eſpecially the pen of ridicule, at which they would be no match for you. But beware of ſerioufneſs, in that they are well verſed, and would doubtleſs come off victorious. Remember, "ridicule is the teſt of truth." For this ſentiment, we have high authority, and in reality it is the only weapon that can be ſucceſsfully employed againſt the conceited and obſtinate. My neighbour PHILOGENES, eſpecially deſerves the laſh of your ſarcaſm. Of great capacity and clearneſs of perception in every other reſpect; on this ſubject he is perverſely blind to his errors. I have ſhewn with the concluſive evidence of theoretic reaſoning, that if men, were to employ the time and attention, which they now waſte in courtſhip, gallantry and pleaſing the ladies, on the cultivation of the arts and ſciences, knowledge would progreſs in a ratio, heretofore unknown, ignorance and its accompanying miſeries, would be baniſhed from the world; the dominion of mind would become univerſal; phyſical evils no where to be found but in the page of hiſtory; and happineſs would be equally diffuſed among all the race of men. After holding forth in this manner, until I have thought him ready to join me in ſentiment, he has generally diſappointed me by ſome argument drawn from experience, ſome fact ſubverſive of my theory. But how can experience be properly employed in argument, ſince the profeſſors of Myſogyny are yet but few; their plans not reduced to a ſyſtem; and, like the early reformers of the world, they are obliged to ſkulk in corners, and hide themſelves in the holes of the earth. But if their principles ſhould be generally adopted, and the dark veil of ignorance removed from the minds of men, then, and then only, will it be proper to argue from experience.

My friend PH LOGENES, whom I regard for his many good qualities, notwithſtanding his determined oppoſition to our principles, has engaged to write me, from his country reſidence, a full ſtatement of all his objections to them, and of his reaſons for being of a contrary opinion, with a promiſe that if I can convince him of his errors, he will candidly abjure them. It is for this purpoſe, in particular, that I need your aid. The letter I will ſend you as ſoon as received, and, believe me, if we can but gain him to our ſide, he will be no inſignificant acceſſion.

With high conſideration,
I am,
Your friend
A. MISOGYNIST.

For the Evening Fire-side.

When Matilda's beautious form,
First my ravish'd eye survey'd;
Then my bosom felt alarm;
Then my stubborn heart obey'd.

From her all superior charms,
Cupid chose a piercing dart;
And with these celestial arms,
Found a passage to my heart.

But I tremble, lest disdain,
Should reject the proffer'd vow:—
But I tremble to complain,
To reveal the pleasing woe.

For when I have justly weigh'd,
Grace with *grace* in either mind;
Much I learn the fate to dread,
That will on my hopes attend.

Often prompted by despair,
I resolve my chains to break;
To forget the beautious fair,
And my long lost peace to seek.

Then fond hope will softly say,
Though thy proffer'd vows are vain,
Must thou tear thyself away?
May'st thou not her *friendship* gain?

Sooth'd, I seek the lovely fair,
Firm resolv'd my heart to rule;
Firm resolv'd with strength to bear,
All the angush of my soul.

Thus like some poor simple fly,
Dazzled in the candle's glare;
Though I see destruction nigh,
Yet I seek the fatal snare.

When her eyes upon me turn,
Ten-fold passions in me rise;
Love's enlivening embers burn,
In an all-consuming blaze———

Often I resolve to break,
Silence, ah! preserv'd too long;
But when I attempt to speak,
Double silence seals my tongue.

When upon my pillow laid,
Every vision dwells on thee:
But presents thee, lovely maid!
Frowning on my hopes and me.

Often I assume the pen,
To express my anxious mind;
Then I cast it down again,
Wav'ring as the passing wind.

But at length o'erruling love,
Triumphs over every fear;
It to thee will ever prove,
Constant as the circling year.

DORANCE.

August 15th, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-side.

It has ever been the praise of England, that as the weaker sex are excluded more strictly, perhaps, than in most other European countries, from all the walks of profit and honour, an amends is made to them by their being excused from those more laborious offices, which are neither fitted to the weakness of their frames, nor the delicacy of their habits and manners, judge then, how I was surprized to see, a few days since, in a news-paper, an account of the yearly meeting of the *Bath Agricultural Society*, in which, among the premiums given by that respectable and polite body, for the year 1805, I remarked the following; *For women plowing*. It does not appear, by the statement in the magazine, whether the female is to guide the plough, or to be yoked to it. The latter, though novel here, would not be altogether unprecedented, since we are informed by a late writer, Mr. Barrow, that in China, a country which does not yield in politeness, even to Bath, it is not uncommon to see a husbandman plough, with a woman and an ass yoked together.

J. B.

For the Evening Fire-side.

When first the genial warmth of spring,
Unlocks the frozen floods,
And leads the gentle current forth
To wimple thro' the woods;

Reviving Nature charms the sight,
The little gurgling rill;
The swelling bud, th' expanding leaf,
A silent joy instill.

The gentle breeze, the evening mild,
And, busting from the grove,
The vocal choir our hearts inspire,
And wake the song of love.

But sad the heart that feels extinct,
The hope that flutter'd there;
How wretched he whose ev'ry thought,
Is centred in despair!

For him no vernal charms unfold,
No blessings swell the year;
Nor warbling voice of fond delight,
Salutes his ravish'd ear.

But is there one within the round,
Of night and cheerful day,
Whose gloomy soul has, never felt,
One animating ray?

Earth cannot in her caverns hide,
A wretch so lost as he;
Nor can the utmost bounds of space,
Contain such misery.

Life ever was, and still remains
A changeful chequer'd scene;
With good and evil intermixed,
Now storming, now serene.

Then, son of Sorrow, sigh no more;
Reflect in this retreat,
Man cannot taste of perfect bliss,
Nor wretchedness complete.

TOBIT.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messrs. Editors,

If you think the following remark worthy of a place in your paper, publish them; if you think the author deserving the title of presumptuous, ignorant, mad or any more appropriate adjective to agree with a noun of your own choosing, do him what you please gentlemen.

I have just been reading for the first time the *poetical effusions* of DENHAM. Disappointment, such as I never experienced before, has been the consequence.—DENHAM (says Johnson) is deservedly considered as one of the *fathers* of English Poetry. A sentiment like this, from so high an authority, is certainly calculated not only to raise our expectations, but to inspire us with veneration.

That Johnson is in most instances a very just critic, it would be presumption and folly to deny. His decisions have been almost universally confirmed by the fate of the authors of whom he has spoken; those whom he commended are still favourites, and those of whom he spoke less favourably, are neglected and almost forgotten. Either his judgment must have been uncommonly correct, or he must have dazzled the world by his literary lustre, into a kind of blind veneration, that acknowledged his infallibility without the scrutiny of examination.

However, all this hinders not but that "the HERCULES of literature," may, in this instance in question, be wrong; and, that this *puny critic*, who is your humble servant may be right.

"DENHAM is deservedly considered as one of the fathers of English poetry." This is certainly an imposing sentence, and one that is calculated at the first glance to inspire us with veneration for the man which it *seems* to compliment. But when we consider that *English poetry*, in her young days, was a very uncouth huffy, to say a man is deservedly considered as *one* of her *fathers*, is perhaps not so extravagant a degree of praise as one would at first thought imagine.

It is well for her ladyship, that she has *other fathers* better qualified for the work of refinement, then sir John. She would never have become that attractive creature she now is, under the care of so vulgar,

depraved a parent. Fortunately, however, her ladyſhip's powers of attraction encreaſed with age, (how different from the fate of moſt other ladies,) or ſhe would not have many admirers, even in *theſe days of gallantry*. And though it may look a little ungrateful in her as a *child*, I am ſure ſhe muſt bluſh when ſhe looks back at the ſorry figure ſhe cut, whilſt under the direction of *the knight of the bath*.

In Cooper's hill, a poem (of about three hundred lines) which the critics have very judiciouſly ſet down as his maſter-piece, the two lines quoted by Pope are undoubtedly the only two in the whole poem, worthy of that honour, and I am certain, that if ſuch a performance was offered to a bookſeller in *theſe degenerate days*, the author of it would be conſidered as a lunatic. Not that it contains any poetical flights that would convict an author in any age or country of lunacy, but the author of a poem, ſo deſtitute of merit, would certainly be conſidered as under the influence of ſome other guide, than reaſon, who wiſhed to give it publicity.

If one of the moſt depraved of our Fiſh-huckſters, was to write poems deſcriptive of "the living manners as they riſe," I ſhould expect them to contain more wit, more *ſtrength*, more harmony, and leſs obſcenity, than many of the other productions of ſir John Denham, knight of the bath: To ſay of which, that they were beneath notice, would be doing them infinitely too much honour.

A YOUNG CRITIC.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Meſſrs. Editors,

At this ſeaſon of the year, when the warmth of our climate renders a reſidence in the City, exceeding irkſome to the young and the active, how delightful to make a little excurſion into the Country. The luxuries of ſhady groves, and purling ſtreams, the celubrity of the air, 'tis charming; and if charming to our waking moments, how delightful to ſleep!—"to ſleep, perchance to dream, what extacy!"---I who live in the Country feel its influence, the ſtill, the quiet retreat—how much more do thoſe who ſeldom enjoy ſuch pleaſures.—Two of my nephews lately paid their friends in this part of the County a viſit; it was delightful to a feeling heart! how rational, how extatic their enjoyments! they were both young, no care to diſturb.---Innocence is the friend of ſleep; ſcarce four hours out of the four-and-twenty; Oh Morpheus! four dull hours then days in the Country, forty hours in viewing o'er and o'er, its beauties; the reſt wrapt in thy arms! the dew drops on the flowers they ſaw not, they dined early that there might be more precious time for ſleep! ſuch devotion, I muſt prize it.

Come then, oh! ye young Men leave the ſleepleſs City, come and enjoy thoſe rational delights, free from the burthens, the heats the buſtles of the town, like theſe goodly youths, viſit from houſe to houſe, and enjoy the bleſſings a Country life affords.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Buckingham, Auguſt 14th, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-side.

ODE TO ENJOYMENT.

Two hopeful youths as ever grac'd a town,
Or felt the influence of its tainted air;
Or victims fell to bus'ness or to care;
Or loss of appetite or Lady's frown;
Resolv'd enjoyment's choicest gifts to share
Among their country friends, at distance far
From air infectious, business, care and strife,
And ills peculiar to a city life.

The beauties of the scenery, rich and rare
Enjoyment pointed out, (as I suppose,)
Scenery, I might to Paradise compare,
Beds strewn with flowers, where angels might repose,
And groves and lawns and gently winding streams,
Such as these youths had never seen before,
And lakes of Milk, of Pye an ample store,
And beds of nicest down, on which it seems
The lads thought proper to indulge in dreams!

When hunger rous'd them from a bliss so pure,
Their next enjoyment was in eating more;
And who would blame their choice I ask, who knew
To eat and sleep was all they had to do.
Their cravings having boldly overcome,
Somnus again recall'd them to his arms:
There, no Musquetoes humm'd their dire alarms,
Nor rattling dray disturb'd, nor martial drum.

Bless'd youths! you tasted rational delight;
Long may you linger here to sleep and eat;
And should your country friends again invite;
Or *noise* or *famine* force you to retreat,

Do, Do, dear fellows keep in the same track,
Tho' every neighbouring calf with hunger bellows,
That you may bring the reputation back
Of hearty, hungry, drowsy, dronish fellows.

The lakes of Milk they supp'd, the Pye did cram in,
Until they bred a temporary famine,
And starv'd the farmer's calves, but that's no matter;
The worst of all that I can safely say,
Is that they slept their senses half-away,
Of course return'd both foolisher and fatter.

PATTY PINDAR.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

As it is incumbent on an hiſtorian, who writes the hiſtory of his own times, to take notice of public and remarkable events, ſo I apprehend it to be the buſineſs of writers of eſſays for entertainment and inſtruction, to mark the paſſions as they riſe, and to treat of thoſe eſpecially, which appear to influence the manners of the age they live in.

The love of noiſe, though a paſſion obſervable in all times and countries, has yet been ſo predominant of late years, and given riſe to ſo many of our modern cuſtoms, that I cannot think it unworthy of one of your ſpeculations.

In many inſtances this paſſion is ſubordinate to, and proceeds from another, which is no leſs univerſal, and no leſs commendable; I mean the love of fame. Noiſe, or ſound in general, has been conſidered as a means, whereby thouſands have rendered themſelves famous in their generation; and this is the reaſon why to be famous, and to make a noiſe in the world, are commonly underſtood as equivalent expreſſions. Hence alſo the trumpet, becauſe one of the moſt noble inſtruments of ſound, was anciently made ſacred to the heathen goddess of fame: ſo that even at this day, when the world is too backward in doing juſtice to a man's merit, and he is conſtrained to do it himſelf, he is very properly ſaid to ſound his own praiſes, or trumpet out his fame.

The great utility and advantages which may be obtained from noiſe, in ſeveral other reſpects, are very apparent. In the pulpit, the preacher who declaims in the loudeſt manner, is ſure to gain the greateſt number of followers. He has alſo the ſatisfaction of knowing that the devotion of a great part of audience depends more upon the ſoundneſs of his lungs, than the ſoundneſs of his doctrine.

At the bar, every one knows the great influence of ſound: and indeed where people accuſtom themſelves to talk much and mean little, it behooves them to ſubſtitute noiſe in the place of eloquence. It is alſo a very juſt remark, that ſcurrility and abuſe require an elevation of the voice.

In the ſenate it is often ſeen that the noiſe and thunder with which a patriot ſhakes the houſe, has rebounded more to the good of his country, than all the knowledge of the hiſtory and laws of it, locked up in the breaſts of profound politicians who have wanted voices to make themſelves heard.

From a conviction that noiſe in general can be made ſubſervient to ſo many good purpoſes, we may eaſily imagine that a great fondneſs muſt be often ſhewn for it, even where its uſefulneſs, or tendency, is not immediately diſcernible: for from the very force of habit, the means will often be purſued, where the end is not perhaps attainable.

At the coffee-houſe which I frequent at the St. James's end of the town, I meet with two ſets of young men, commonly diſtinguiſhed by the names of Beaux and Bloods; who are perpetually interrupting the converſation of the company, either with whiſtling of tunes, liſping of new faſhioned oaths, drolling out affected ſpeeches and ſhort ſentences; or elſe with recitals of bold adventures paſt, and much bolder which they are about to engage in. But as noiſe is more becoming a Blood than a Beaux, I am generally diverted with one, and always tired with the other.

This has led me to reflect on the wiſdom which has been ſhewn in the inſtitution of certain clubs and nocturnal meetings for men, into which no perſons can be admitted as members, but thoſe who are diſpoſed to make that particular noiſe only, which is agreeable to the taſtes and talents of their reſpective ſocieties. Thus the members of one club vent their noiſe in politics; thoſe of another in critical diſſertations on eating and drinking; a third perhaps in ſtory-telling, and a fourth in a conſtant rotation of merry ſongs. In moſt of theſe clubs there are preſidents choſen and inveſted with authority to be as noiſy as they pleaſe themſelves, and to inflict penalties on all thoſe who open out of time.

The ladies indeed are ſomewhat more limited in their topics for noiſe, though their meetings for venting it at are more numerous than thoſe of the men. They alſo lie under the diſadvantage of having voices of a tone too ſoft and delicate to be heard at a great diſtance: but they ſeem in ſome meaſure to have obviated theſe diſadvantages, by agreeing to talk all together; by which means, and as the ſubject is generally of the vituperative kind, they are able to cope with the men, even at the moſt vociferous of their clubs.

Again; thoſe diverſions in which noiſe moſt abounds, have been always held in the higheſt eſteem. The true and original country ſquire, who is actuated by this generous paſſion for noiſe, prefers the diverſion of hunting to all other enjoyments upon earth. He can entertain his companions for hours together with talking of his hounds, and extolling the divine muſic and harmony of their tongues; and ſcarce ever goes to bed without winding his horn, and having the full cry in his parlour. Horſe-racing, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and the like, are ſports which fill the hearts of the common people with the moſt extravagant delight; while their voices are employed in the loudeſt ſhouts and exclamations. In the opinion of our Engliſh ſailors, no entertainment can be complete where the all-cheering huzza is wanting; by the force of which they are inſpired with ſuch courage and reſolution, that even fighting itſelf becomes their diverſion.

In London, where many of theſe ſports cannot be enjoyed, the paſſion for noiſe has appeared in various other ſhapes. It has within the memory of moſt men, given riſe to routs, drums and hurricanes; which in all probability would have been improved into cannonades, thunders and earthquakes, before this time, had it not been for the late panics on account of ſome concuſſions in the air, very much reſembling thoſe of a real earthquake. However, as a proof that the names already given to thoſe polite aſſemblies are extremely proper for them, I need only to remark that they are uſually compoſed of what is called the beſt company, who from time immemorial have pleaded the privilege of birth for talking as loud as they can.

Among the many other inſtances of the effects of this paſſion in high life, I ſhall only take notice of one more; which is an ingenious method (unkown to our forefathers) of making a thundering noiſe at people's doors; by which you are generally given to underſtand that ſome perſon of conſequence does you the honour to ſuppoſe you are in the land of the living.

Some may think that it will bear a diſpute whether ſuch a violent hammering at people's doors may not be looked upon in the eye of the law, as an attempt of a forcible entry: but it is my humble opinion, that it can only be conſtrued to an action of aſſault and battery; ſince it may be proved that the generality of thoſe who are guilty of this miſdemeanor have really no intention of making any entry at all; for when doors are opened to them, they ſecure their retreat as faſt as they can; flying from the face of thoſe whom they count their enemies when at home, and viſit as their friends when abroad.

I have now by me a certain curious book of memoirs, wherein the ſentiments of a wealthy old lady in the city, with regard to the uſefulneſs of noiſe, ſeem very nearly to correſpond with the obſervations I have here made upon that ſubject. I ſhall tranſcribe a ſhort paſſage from the character of this lady, and conclude my letter.

"Towards the decline of her days ſhe took lodgings on Ludgate hill, in order to be amuſed with the noiſes in the ſtreets, and to be conſtantly ſupplied with objects of contemplation: for ſhe thought it of great uſe to a mind that had a turn for meditation, to obſerve what was paſſing in the world. As ſhe had alſo a very religious diſpoſition, ſhe uſed often to ſay it was a grievous ſhame that ſuch a thing as ſilent meetings, among ſome of the diſſenting brethren, ſhould be ſuffered in a chriſtian country. And when ſhe died, ſhe left five hundred pounds towards the erecting fifty new ſounding-boards, to aid the lungs of the aged clergy, in divers churches within the bills of mortality."

I am, SIR,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

R. L.

[*The World*]

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN HARVEST.

Farewel the pleaſant violet-ſcented ſhade,
The primros'd hill, and daiſy mantled mead,
The furrow'd land with ſpringing corn array'd,
The ſunny wall with bloomy branches ſpread;

Farewel the bow'r with blushing roſes gay,
Farewel the fragrant trefoil-purpled field;
Farewel the walk through rows of new-mown hay
When ev'ning breezes mingled odours yield;

Farewel to theſe:—now round the lonely farms,
Where jocund plenty deigns to fix her ſeat;
Th' autumnal landſcape, op'ning all its charms,
Declares kind nature's annual work complete.

In diff'rent parts what diff'rent views delight,
Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain;
Or where the bearded barley, dazzling white,
Spreads o'er the ſteepy ſlope or wide champaign.

The ſmile of morning gleams along the hills,
And wakeful labour calls her ſons abroad:
They leave with cheerful looks their lowly vills,
And bid the fields reſign their ripen'd load.

To various tasks addreſs the ruſtic band,
And here the ſcythe, and there the ſickle wield,
Or rear the new-bound ſheaves along the land;
Or range in heaps the produce of the field.

Some build the ſhocks, some load the ſpacious wains
Some lead to ſhelt'ring barns the fragrant corn;
Some form tall ricks, that tow'ring o'er the plains,
For many a mile the rural ſcene adorn.

Th' inclosure gates thrown open all around,
The ſtubble's peopled by the gleaning throng,
The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
And joyful ſwains that raiſe the clam'rous ſong,

Soon mark glad harvest o'er.—Ye rural lords
Whose wide domains o'er ALBION's isle extend;
Think whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,
And bid to Heav'n your grateful praise ascend.

For tho' no gift spontaneous of the ground
Rose these fair crops that made your vallies smile,
Tho' the blithe youth of ev'ry hamlet round,
Pursu'd for these thro' many a day their toil;

Yet what avail your labours or your cares?
Can all your labours, all your cares supply
Bright suns, or soft'ning show'rs, or tepid airs,
Or one indulgent influence of the sky?

For Providence decrees that we obtain
With toil, each blessing destin'd to our use;
But means to teach us that our toil is vain,
If He the bounty of his hand refuse.

Yet ALBION, blame not what thy crime demands,
While this sad truth the blushing muse betrays,
More frequent echoes o'er thy harvest lands
The voice of riot than the voice of praise.

Prolific tho' thy fields, and mild thy clime,
Know realms once fam'd for fields and climes as fair,
Have fell the prey of famine, war, and time,
And now no semblance of their glory bear.

Ask PALESTINE, proud ASIA's early boast,
Where now the groves that pour'd her wine and oil,
Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy coast,
Where the glad swains that till'd her fertile soil?

Ask, and behold, and mourn her hapless fall;
Where rose fair towns, where wav'd the golden grain,
Thrown on the naked rock and mould'ring wall,
Pale want and ruin hold their dreary reign.

Where JORDAN's vallies smil'd in living green,
Where SHARON's flow'rs disclos'd their varied hues;
The wand'ring pilgrim views the alter'd scene,
And drops the tear of pity as he views.

Ask GRECIA, mourning o'er her ruin'd tow'rs;
Where now the prospects charm'd her bards of old,
Her corn-clad mountains and elysian bow'rs;
And silver streams thro' fragrant meadows roll'd.

Where freedom's praise along the vale was heard,
And town to town return'd the fav'rite sound;
Where patriot-war her awful standard rear'd,
And brav'd the millions PERSIA pour'd around;

There freedom's praise no more the valley cheers,
There patriot-war no more her banner waves;
Nor bard, nor sage, nor martial chief appears,
But stern barbarians rule a land of slaves

Of mighty realms are such the poor remains,
Of mighty realms that fell when mad with pow'r
They lur'd each vice to revel on their plains:
Each monster doom'd their offspring to devour!

O ALBION! wouldst thou shun their morunful fates,
To shun their follies and their crimes be thine;
And woo to linger in thy fair retreats,
The radiant Virtues, progeny divine!

Bright Truth, the noblest of the sacred band,
Sweet Peace, whose brow no ruffling frown deforms,
Fair Charity, with ever open hand,
And Courage, smiling 'midst a thousand storms

O haste to grace our Isle, ye lovely train;
So may the Pow'r whose hand all blessing yields,
Give her fam'd glories ever to remain,
And crown with annual wealth her laughing fields

Relating to a Young English Officer among the Abenakee Savages.

During the laſt war in America a band of ſavages having ſuppriſed and defeated a party of the Engliſh, ſuch of thoſe as were not actually killed on the ſpot, had very little chance of getting away from enemies who were much more ſwift footed than they; and who, purſuing them with unrelenting fury, uſed thoſe whom they overtook with a barbarity almoſt without example, even in their own uncivilized nations.

A young Engliſh officer, paſſed by two ſavages who were aiming at him with their uplifted hatchets, had not the leaſt hope of eſcaping death, and thought of nothing but to ſell his life as dearly as he could. At that moment an old ſavage armed with a bow drew near him, in order to pierce him with an arrow; but after having pointed it at him, he dropped it on a ſudden, and ran to throw himſelf between the young Engliſhman and the two barbarians, who were going to murder him. The blood-thirſty pair ſhrunk back out of reſpect to the motions of the old warrior, who with ſigns of peace took the officer by the hand, and after having removed his apprehenſions by friendly geſtures, carried him to his hut. There he treated him with great humanity and mildneſs, more like a companion indeed than a captive. He taught him the Abenakee language, and the coarſe arts in uſe among his countrymen. They lived very well ſatisfied with with each other; there was but one part of the old man's behaviour which gave the young officer an uneaſineſs; he now and then ſurpriſed the ſavage fixing his eyes upon him, and ſometimes ſaw them after a long and ſteady fixture, bathed in tears.

However, on the return of the ſpring, the Abenakees took the field again, and proceed in queſt of the Engliſh.

The old man, who had ſtill remaining vigour enough to bear the fatigues of war, went along with his countrymen, not forgetting to take his priſoner with him. They made a march of above two hundred leagues, through the trackleſs wilds and foreſts of that country, till they came at length within view of a plain, in which they diſcovered an Engliſh camp. This the old ſavage ſhewed to his young companion, looking very earneſtly at him, and marking his countenance with particular attention, "There (ſaid he) are thy brothers waiting to give us battle; what ſay'ſt thou? I preſerved thee from death; I have taught thee to build canoes; to make bows and arrows; to catch the deer of the foreſt; to wield the hatchet, with all our arts of war. What waſt thou when I took thee to my dwelling? Thy hands were as the hands of a mere child; they could ſerve thee but little for thy defence; and leſs yet for providing the means of ſuſtinence. Thy ſoul was in the dark: thou wert a ſtranger to all neceſſary knowledge. To me thou oweſt life, the means of life, every thing. Couldſt thou then be ungrateful enough to go over to join thy countrymen, and to lift up the hatchet againſt us?"

The young Engliſhman made anſwer, that he ſhould, it was true, feel a juſt repugnance to the carrying arms againſt thoſe of his own nation, but that he would never turn them againſt the Abenakees, whom, ſo long as he ſhould live, he would conſider as his brethren.

At this the ſavage held his head down, and raiſing his hands, he covered his face with them, as if he was in a profound meditation. After having remained ſome time in this attitude of recollection, he looked earneſtly at the Engliſh officer, and ſaid to him, in a tone of grief, mixed with tenderneſs, "Haſt thou a father?" "He was alive," replied the young man, when I left my country:—"Oh! how unhappy muſt he be!" ſaid the ſavage—adding, after a moment's pauſe—"Doſt thou not know that I too was once a father!—Alas! I am no longer one. No: I am no longer a father—I ſaw my ſon fall in battle—He fought by the ſide of me. I ſaw him die like a man, die, covered with wounds, as he fell—But I revenged his death."

While he pronounced theſe word, in the moſt pathetic and emphatical manner, he ſhuddered; he ſeemed to breathe with pain; choaked with inward groans, which he was endeavouring to ſuppreſs. By degrees, the violence of his paſſion ſubſided, he grew calm, and, turning towards the eaſt, pointed to the riſing ſun. "Seeſt thou yon beauteous luminary?" ſaid he to the Engliſhman: "The ſun in all its ſplendor? Does the ſight of it afford thee any pleaſure?"—"Undoubtedly," anſwered the officer; "who can behold ſo fine a day

without delight?"—"And yet to me it no longer gives any," replied the ſavage.—After having uttered theſe words, he turned, and caſting his eye on a buſh in full flower—"See, ſaid he, young man, does not that gay appearance of flowers give thee a ſort of joy to look at it?"—"It does," indeed, replied the officer: "And yet," ſaid the old man, "it delights not me:" adding, with ſome impetuoſity, "haſte, depart—fly to yon camp of thy friends—Get home, that thy father may ſtill ſee, with pleaſure, the riſing of the ſun, and the flowers of the ſpring."

JOHNSON AND ADDISON COMPARED.

It is leſs from Johnſon than from Addiſon, that we derive the intereſting leſſons of life and manners; that we learn to trace the exact delineations of character, and to catch the vivid hues, and varied tints of nature. It is true, that every ſentence of the more recent moraliſt is an aphoriſm, every paragraph a chain of maxims for guiding the underſtanding and guarding the heart. But when Johnſon deſcribes characters, he rather exhibits vice and virtue in the abſtract, than real, exiſting human beings; while Addiſon preſents you with actual men and women; real, life figures, compounded of the faults and the excellencies, the wiſdom and the weakneſſes, the follies and the virtues of humanity. By the Avarus, the Eubulus, the Miſellus, the Sophron, the Zoſima, and the Viator of Johnſon, we are inſtructed in the ſoundeſt truths, we are not ſtruck with any vivid exemplification. We merely *hear* them, and we hear them with profit, but we do not *know* them. Whereas, with the members of the Spectator's club we are *acquainted* Johnſon's perſonages are elaborately carved figures, that fill the niches of the Saloon; Addiſon's are the living company which animate it. Johnſon's have more drapery; Addiſon's more countenance. Johnſon's gentlemen and ladies, ſcholars and chambermaids, philoſophers and coquettes, all argue ſyllogiſtically, all converſe in the ſame academic language; divide all their ſentences into the ſame triple members, turn every phraſe with the ſame meaſured ſolemnity, and round every period with the ſame poliſhed ſmoothneſs. Addiſon's talk learnedly or lightly, think deeply, or prate flippantly, in exact concordance with their character, ſtation, and habits of life.

ANECDOTES.

The celebrated CARDINAL DE RETZ, was remarkable for his numerous expences, his frequent borrowing, and the promptneſs with which he always returned borrowed money. The laſt time that he ſet out for Rome, he called his creditors together; and examining what he owed them, he made known to them that he only had a certain ſum which he would pay them at the expiration of a ſpecified time, and that M.... who was preſent, would be his ſecurity; all his creditors immediately anſwered that they did not come to demand their money, but ſtill had ſome more at his ſervice; and amongſt the reſt, a lady roſe and offered him fifty thouſand crowns, which ſhe begged him to accept, for the exigencies of his voyage, and his expences at Rome. The Cardinal confuſed at the generoſity of ſo many, tendered them his acknowledgments; and turning to a tradeſman who was there, he ſaid, here is this poor hatter to whom I owe much; I bluſh that it is out of my power to pay him as I would wiſh, and as he merits:—"It is true my Lord," replied the hatter, "that I am poor, but in ſentiment I am as far from being mean as the others, and am as much attached to your perſon:—I aſk nothing of you; and here are three fine hats that I pray your Eminence to take with you."—Every one was ſurprized at the hatter's ſingular dignity of ſoul; and the Cardinal was involuntarily melted into tears, and returned thanks to Heaven for giving ſo favorable a turn in his favor, to the hearts of ſo many different perſons.

He died ſome time after and his ſurvivers ſo well executed his intentions, that none of his creditors loſt a ſingle ſou.

I have read and heard of great numbers of valetudinarians of various caſts and different complexions. Some who always weighed themſelves before and after a meal; others who have taken exactly ſuch a number of turns in Gray's-inn gardens, rain or ſnow, hail or blow, every day in the year at a ſtated hour; others who phyſicked and bled alternately on particular days, well or ill; who faſted, and eat not as their appetite directed, but becauſe a regimen was neceſſary for health; but I lately met with one who ſurpaſſed all thoſe.

The getleman I am ſpeaking of was in very good health, and at times in good ſpirits; but he had ſtudied aſtronomy till he might be pronounced *un peu timbre*, or, in plain Engliſh, planet ſtruck. This valetudinarian had made a very notable diſcovery, that an eaſterly wind was very unhealthful, and that the more one could avoid it the better. Accordingly he had a vane erected facing his bed-chamber window, which he could view whilſt he was at reſt, and he made it an invariable rule never to riſe till it veered from that point. A wag in the neighbourhood having learnt his unchangable reſolution, found means to rivet the vane at eaſt, full eaſt, where it remained for near nine months. The bed-ridden gentleman (by choice) viewed it every hour with eager expectation of a variation; but January, February, March, April, May, June, July, and Auguſt all paſſed, and it was ſtill full eaſt. The valetudinarian was reſolved not to give up the point, and the vane was full as poſitive. But the conſequence was fatal to the one, though of ſervice to the other, as during that time the friction had no way impaired it. But the unhappy gentleman, by conſtant perſpiration, had brought on ſo great a relaxation as terminated in a galloping conſumption, and he fell a martyr, in deſpite of his caution, to an eaſterly wind. No ſooner was he diſpoſed of in the uſual way than the vane was reſtored to its primitive vigour, and now wantons as much as ever.

Let this be a caution to the valetudinarian claſs in general, leſt by too ſtudiouſly endeavouring to promote health, they may not only loſe it but even life itſelf.

I am, Sir,
Your humble ſervant,
An Anti-Valetudinarian.

Piſiſtratus, when a widower, being reſolved to marry again; his children aſked him if it was becauſe of any diſcontent that they had given him; "The very reverſe" replied he "I am very well ſatisfied with you; and I find you to be ſuch worthy children that I wiſh to have more of the ſame kind."

A letter from the Ambaſſador of Bantam, at the court of Charles, II. to his maſter ſoon after his arrival in England.

"The People, where I now am, have Tongues further from their Hearts than from *London* to *Bantam*, and thou knoweſt the Inhabitants of one of theſe Places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy Subjects Barbarians, becauſe we ſpeak what we mean; and account themſelves a civilized People, becauſe they

ſpeak one thing and mean another: Truth they call Barbarity, and falſhood Politeneſs. Upon my firſt landing, one who was ſent from the King of this Place to meet me, told me, *That he was extremely ſorry for the Storm I had met with juſt before my Arrival.* I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himſelf upon my Account; but in leſs than a quarter of an Hour he ſmiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him, told me by my Interpreter, *He ſhould be glad to do me any Service that lay in his Power.* Upon which I deſir'd him to carry one of my Portmantuas for me; but inſtead of ſerving me according to his Promiſe, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged, the firſt Week, at the Houſe of one who deſired me *to think myſelf at home, and to conſider his Houſe as my own.* Accordingly, I the next Morning began to knock down one of the Walls of it, in order to let in the freſh Air, and had packed up ſome of the Houſehold-Goods, of which I intend to have made thee a Preſent; but the falſe Varlet no ſooner ſaw me falling to Work, but he ſent word to deſire me to give over, for that he would have no ſuch doings in his Houſe.

At my firſt going to Court, one of the great Men almoſt put me out of Countenance, by aſking *ten thouſand Pardons* of me for only treading by Accident upon my Toe. They call this kind of Lye a Compliment; for when they are Civil to a great Man, they tell him Untruths, for which thou wouldſt order any of thy Officers of State to receive a hundred Blows upon his Foot. I do not know how I ſhall negociate any thing with this People, ſince there is ſo little Credit to be given to them. When I go to ſee the King's Scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, tho' perhaps I ſaw him go into his Houſe almoſt the very moment before. Thou wouldeſt fancy that the whole Nation are Phyſicians, for the firſt Queſtion they always aſk me, is, *How I do:* I have this Queſtion put to me above a hundred times a Day. Nay, they are not only thus inquiſitive after my Health, but wiſh it in a more ſolemn manner, with a full glaſs in their hands, every time I ſit with them at the Table, tho' at the ſame time they would perſuade me to drink their liquors in ſuch quantities as I have found by experience will make me ſick. They often pretend to pray for thy health alſo in the ſame manner; but I have more reaſon to expect it from the goodneſs of thy Conſtitution, than the Sincerity of their wiſhes. May thy Slave eſcape in ſafty from this double-tongued Race of Men, and live to lay himſelf once more at thy Feet in thy Royal City of *Bantam*."

L.

[*Spectator.*]

Selected for the Evening Fire-ſide.

Meſſrs. Editors,

Having in the course of my reading, met with the following vocabulary of words with an explanation of their meaning, as generally received among the leaders of the ton, and apprehending that many of your readers, from the want of a right knowledge of the changes that have taken place in language, may be led into ridiculous mistakes, I send it for inſertion.

Yours, &c.

MODISH.

Advice—Ridiculous to be given, and more ridiculous to be taken.

Admonition—An unfaſhionable word that is out of uſe.

Addreſs—The art of inſinuating one's ſelf into the good graces of a great man or a fine woman.

Abuſe—The life of converſation.

Adroitneſs—The art of cheating in a polite manner, and without detection.

Abilities—Thoſe talents that make a man reſpectable by duplicity, hypocriſy, and chicane.

Ambition—A noble emulation of the ſoul to cut a reſpectable figure in life at the expence of your coach-maker, jeweller, taylor, &c. &c.

Alliance—In the marriage-ſtate implies a convenient connubial connexion, without the leaſt love or affection on either ſide, for the advancing of your fortune and ennobling of your family.

Adverſity—That ſtate in which all men, women, and children ſhould be ſhunned and deſpiſed.

Admiration!—This, though generally diſtinguiſhed by a note! requires no farther note! than that it cannot be introduced too often at a great man's levee, or a fine woman's toilette.

Adieu---An expreſſion very proper to be uſed to all the impertinence of prudes, the exhortations of moraliſt, the remarks of the reformers of manners, pulpit oratory, ſermonizing diſcourſes, dull precepts, dry reaſoning, and diſagreeable reflections.

Baſhfulneſs---A moſt enormous crime, totally baniſhed from the regions of taſte and elegance.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY NOTICE.

Mr. Carr, who has already favored the world with his Stranger in France, and with his Travels round the Baltic, has lately made *the Tour of Ireland*, and is now preparing an Account of that almoſt unknown country, which he intends to publiſh under the title of THE STRANGER IN IRELAND. The work will make one elegant volume, quarto, ſimilar to *the Nothern Summer*, and will be embelliſhed with a variety of engravings by Medland, from drawings by Mr. Carr.

[*Monthly Mag.*

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

LONDON, June 23.—By accounts from Paris received through a respectable channel, we learn, that the Government of France has caused an idea generally to prevail in that country, that England has refuſed to negociate on any terms, unless an order for the immediate evacuation of Hanover by the Prussian troops, and a guarantee of the possession of Malta by the English, and of the Sovereignty of the Seven Islands by Russia, were made the preliminaries.

On Saturday morning last, Mr. Wilbraham, an English gentleman, who, we believe, has been detained in France since the commencement of the war, arrived at Dover. He sailed from Boulogne on Friday evening, in a flag of truce, and was picked up by the Vestal frigate, which was cruizing at some distance from that port. He was conveyed to Dover in the galley belonging to the Vestal, and arrive in London on Saturday afternoon about six o'clock. It is said that he was the bearer of some Dispatches from M. Tallyrand to Mr. Fox.

The rumours of Peace begin to wear a more decisive aspect, and though we shall not pretend to have much information on the subject, and never shall sport with the feelings and expectations of the public, we confess we are strongly inclined to look forward to such an event with more confidence than we have hitherto entertained. We lay no stress upon the reports grounded upon the return of Lord Yarmouth; but the late unexpected arrival of another English Nobleman, who has been in a diplomatic situation, and whose abilities, as well as experience, render him a proper medium for negociation, leads us to think that the French government are more anxious on the subject than we supposed. If this be the case, it is pobable that France may be disposed to make greater concessions than might be expected after her late extraordinary successes. It must be remembered that Prussia, although she in the first instance took possession of Hanover, and proclaimed her

right to it unconditionally, has since publicly announced that her occupation of that Electorate was only provisional. It will also be recollected, that the late accounts from Germany state that Angereau's division of the French army had received orders to march towards Hanover, for the purpose of re-occupying that electorate.—Our opinion on this important subject is in some degree strengthened by the arrival of the abovementioned gentleman. He reached Dover, we understand, within eight and forty hours from his departure from Paris, and such expedition can hardly be supposed to relate merely to an exchange of prisoners.

Mr. Pinckney, who has been selected, by the President of the United States, to enter into discussion with the Bitish Government respecting the mutual causes of complaint subsisting between the two Countries, arrived at Liverpool on Thursday. We have no doubt that there is every disposition on the part of His Majesty's Ministers to redress any real grievances of which the American Government may have to complain; but they will not, on the other hand, we are convinced, compromise the dignity, or sacrifice the interest, of this Country, to the clamour of a Party in America, whose object evidently is to obtain from this Country the most degrading concessions, or to provoke a War.

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DOMESTIC.

The Season.—Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, Virginia has never experienced such a severe drought as she is sorely afflicted with at present. Whether you turn your eye to the forest or the field, the face of nature wears a sickly and desponding aspect: The leaves of the wood are tinged with the pale and withering yellow of autumn, and vegetation almost annihilated. The fields of corn which were benefitted by invigorating showers, when first deposited in the earth, and had promised fair to reward the toil of the husbandman; now present the most melancholy appearances, and a continuation of the present dry and sultry weather, a few days longer, will blast the hopes of the farmer in the ensuing crop. Tobacco is equally a sufferer, and it is supposed by many of the best judges that the quantity made the ensuing fall, will be far below that of any former year.

Exclusive of the misfortunes which we have in prospect, those present are not less grievous. Corn of the last years crop is yet plenty, but the want of water has suspended the operation of nearly all the mills. Loads of corn have lately been sent 70 or 80 miles in search of mills, and returned without being ground. In consequence of this pressing exigency, Thomas and Amos Ladd, of Richmond, (two worthy members of the Society of Friends) have come to a determination to suspend the manufacture of flower, although at considerable loss to themselves, and devote their attention altogether to supply the wants of the people. This instance of disinterested benevolence, claims the approbation of the Philanthropist.

[*Petersburg Paper.*]

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Boston, August 15.—By the Packet, which arrived on Wednesday morning from Liverpool, the papers of that city to the 3d, and London to the 1st of July, were received

A correspondence was kept up between the British and the French government, the subject of which, it was generally supposed, related to the opening of negociations for peace. The editors of papers disagreed in their conjectures as to the objects of the communications; some conceived peace was in view, and other, that nothing more was in consideration than the improvement of arrangements for the exchange of prisoners. Invectives against Great Britain still appear in French papers. If a treaty should be made between France & England, the effects cannot be such as have usually flowed from the the termination of hostilities between those powers—it can only produce "a peace like a war."

There were reports of negociations for a general pacification.

Respecting American affairs the papers merely remark, that the British Government is anxious to be on good terms with the American; to remove all grounds of reasonable complaint:—But that it will concede nothing to clamors and menaces. The British editors extract copiously from American papers, federal and democratic.

—

Extract of a letter dated, dated Cantonment, Bank of Missouri, 20th July, 1806.

"I write to you from this place, where I have been spending a few days at the governor's quarters who is preparing here for his descent of the river to Natches, or perhaps lower. The situation of this encampment is indeed the most magnificent I ever saw. Situated near the conflux of the Missouri and Mississippi, it has a commanding view of both rivers, and appears to have been intended by nature as the scite of the town, which shall not only be the emporium of the commerce of both, but shall have power to check and keep in awe the various tribes, who wander on the banks of either. The prospect from the hill which in the rear immediately hangs over the encampment, takes in a distance of nearly 30 miles up the two rivers, which appear beautifully interspersed with Isles and varied by all the effect of light and shade. This prospect, although not entirely compleat, from the want of cutting some vistas thro' some very heavy timber which is immediately under the hill, strikes the spectator so sensibly, that when Mr. Burr first saw it, he exclaimed, that "it was the greatest prospect, *in expectation* he had ever seen"—From the bottom of the hill gushes a spring (a thing rare in this country) of the largest dimensions and finest water (no doubt proceeding from the Missouri) in the whole country; and from the spring the above tract takes its name being called *La belle Fountaine*, or the beautiful fountain. The cantonment has assumed the form of a handsome village, and the troops enjoy every comfort which can arise from a most healthy situation, good quarters, and the richest and most extensive garden in the United States. The parallel of the vegetation of this garden I have never seen: the corn and beans are in general 15 feet high, some much higher; heads of cabbages weighing from 10 to 12 pounds already, and rotting thro' *vegetation*. I believe that I shall spend the greatest part of the summer here, as it is the garden of the country."

—

Interments in the different burial grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 9th to the 16th of August. Adults 17—Children 28—Total 45.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Simplicity's remarks we condemn, notwithstanding his morality is good and his *simplicity* unquestionable.

S. S.'s poetry possesses some merit, but its defects are too glaring to meet the public eye; we think, however, that the author might remove our objections by *revision* and *correction*.

Meditator. alack! alack! what shall we say to thee! Inexpressible ideas have taken possesion of our minds "*in every quarter.*" we shall therefore be under the necessity of giving a specimen, to enable our readers to judge correctly of thy merits.

Scene—*a thunder-storm.*

My thoughts were spread in every quarter,
Thro' the immensity of space;
And in the mean time, down came water,
To nourish some of Adam's race.

My thoughts by this were elevated,
Much higher than they were before;
And thus I sat, and ruminated,
Untill the heavy gust was o'er!

—

Several Selections have been received, some of which are intended for insertion.

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